



No Rest For The Wicked



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Chapter 1 by Kenzawenza

Agent Roves sat at his mahogany dinner table and started sorting through his weekly mail. His job as an FBI agent was busy to say the least, for the wicked never seemed to take a day off.

As he stacked his mail into piles; bills, junk, coupons, and personal, Roves noticed one odd envelope sticking out from the bottom of the "To Be Sorted" pile.

The envelope at first glance was of standard size and shape, but what was most impressionable about it was the elegant cursive that graced the cream-colored back. There was no return address.

As he carefully ripped open the envelope the smell of lavender filled the air, and one single piece of expensive, cream-colored stationary fell out.

It read:

"My sister always said that there is no rest for the wicked. Now... I'm going to prove her right."

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